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Α κνπεις μασαιοι, κορησια, των αφροδιταν
Τιματ', η τον ερον υμιν εφοπλισμα.

ANON.





TO THE
R**** t H***** e P** * * *** e
L*** H*** C***** ** E*****d.

My LORD,

WHY I have aspired to your LORDSHIP's Patronage of this little Piece, the Nature of the Subject speaks: which is LOVE. LOVE my LORD, pure and refin'd; not vitiated by the base Alloy of sordid Interest, or awed by the Brow of Authority. But that which arising from the mutual Engagement of Affections, produces such real Bliss and unadulterated Joys, as serve to gild the various and often dreary Scenes of Life. Your LORDSHIP's publick Character is such, as might give full Scope to a modern Dedicator to display the Arts of Adulation: I might set forth the great Share your LORDSHIP has had in the Direction of some late Transactions, which will not fail to perpetuate your Memory amongst the latest Posterity. But your generous Nature is above Flattery; and I am no Court-Sycophant: Yet as one illustrious Instance of your LORDSHIP's great

great Concern for the general Welfare of this Realm, permit me to mention the late *Marriage-Act*. LOVE, which was before a vague, idle Passion, implanted in us by Nature, merely for the Propagation of our Species, and the Happiness of Society, is by one ingenious Stroke of your LORDSHIP's Pen reduced to a perfect Science. It was the old-fashioned Way, to regulate our Love according to our Affections; which is now, most agreeable to Liberty, Reason, and Religion, governed by Jointures and Settlements, the Caprice and Avarice of Parents, or the Self-Interest and Venalty of Guardians. But so frequently has your LORDSHIP received the Compliments of the Nation, on this happy Effort of your Genius, that not to trouble you with vain Repetitions, or wantonly draw upon me the Imputation of a Flatterer, I beg Leave to declare myself with a just Deference to your LORDSHIP's exalted Character and Distinction, and a conscious Sense of my own Unworthiness,

My LORD,

Your LORDSHIP's, &c.



O D E, &c.



A R E N T of Bliss, and Source of ev'ry Joy,
 Hail genial Love !
 Whether the dallying Hour you toy
 With *Psyche* sweet intranc'd, or sportive rove
Arcadia's fabled Vales, or haunt *Cythera's* Grove:
 In Folds coercive melt the am'rous Pair,
 Or steel the Heart of some relentless Fair;
 Unmov'd, unconquer'd by the pleading Sigh,
 And big Tear starting in the Lover's Eye:
 Oh smile auspicious on each hallow'd Strain,
 To thy dread Pow'r the flighty Muse shall raise;
 And if justly flow the Lays,
 Admit me of thy Train.

S O wide, so universal is thy Sway,
 In torrid Climes where the tann'd *Æthiop* glows,
 On Mountains mantled in perpetual Snows,
 All Nature courts thy Reign, thy Impulse all obey.

In Field or covert Grove,
 With am'rous Joys elate,
 The Linnet warbling to his feather'd Mate,
 Swells the mellow Notes with Love.
 The Pard, forgetful of his native Ire,
 With Looks complacent eyes his spotted Dame;
 No Sparks of savage Rage his Breast inflame,
 His Bosom pants not but with am'rous Fire.
 In vain the frigid Nymph, Philosophy,
 With supercilious Brow and proud Diddain,
 Boasts the aspiring Soul to free
 From the soft Bondage of thy rapt'rous Reign;
 To root the darling Passion from the Mind,
 That bounteous Providence assign'd
 A Charm against the Poison of Despair,
 The Balm of Life, and Antidote for Care.
 Thy soft, thy pleasing Chains to wear,
 By all the Pow'rs of Love I swear,
 With Transports more refin'd engages me,
 Than all the Patriot Boasts of Golden Liberty.

GENTLE God of loose Desire,
 Oft as the tumultuous Breast
 Tastes the pure Influence of thy genial Zest,
 The jarring Passions strait conspire;

And

And with harmonious Symphony

Unite, and center all in thee.

Stern Ambition drops his Wand,

Av'rice opes her niggard Hand;

Rage throws his blood-stain'd Falcheon by,

And Anger melts with Pity's Eye;

Revenge is lull'd, Care's Tortures cease,

And all within is Calm and Peace.

STELLA, then come as kind as fair,

And with me Love's Riches share;

The God himself shall form the Bow'r

With ev'ry fragrant Green, with ev'ry blooming Flow'r.

There will we on the Bed of Pleasure

Dying in ecstatic Bliss,

Deal out with lavish Hand the Treasure,

Exchanging Souls at ev'ry Kiss.

Nor let the sober-footed Dame

Caution intrude upon our gen'rous Flame;

Her harsh Alloy

Embitters Love's mysterious Joy:

The God, the bounteous God shall be our Guide;

He shall each niggard Care deride,

He shall supply th' exhausted Store;

With Youth and Beauty by his Side,

What Lover can be poor?

YES I will now take Usury of Time
 For all the tedious Nights
 Spent o'er the classick Page
 Of those who dream'd upon *Parnassus*' Hill:
 Or them, who snatching from Oblivion draw
 Deeds, such as *Cannæ* and *Pharsalia* saw;
 Whose Labours bid the deathless Lawrels grow,
 That yet unfaded wreath the Hero's Brow,
 And in the bold Description flourish still:
 Or that fam'd Sage,
 Upon whose Lips, as antient Fable tells,
 Erst while he slept, their balmy Store,
 The honey Sweets of ev'ry rifled Flow'r.
 The Bees officious lodg'd,— there built their waxen Cells,
 Dull Hours adieu! Youth's vernal Prime,
 Ere nipt by hoary Age's wintry Blights,
 To Pleasantry, and Mirth, and am'rous Joys invites.

BUT chief to you I bid a long farewell.
 Ye Seats where Discipline and Dulness dwell,
 Where some good Founder,—rest his honour'd Shade!
 With pious Hand and rare Munificence
 The rich Foundation laid,
 The sacred Shrine of round-fac'd Indolence.

The Goddess there on downy Couch supine
 Lolls thoughtless ; o'er her sluggard Head
 The tinkling Bells their lulling Influence shed :
 Her Pillow, Schoolmen and *Dutch* Folios
 With opiate Charms in ev'ry Line
 Drown wakeful Reason, and provoke Repose.
 Goddess, adieu ! and yonder saunt'ring Train,
 In flowing Stole of fable Hue
 That blacken o'er the Plain,
 Her venerable Sons, ye finish'd Drones, adieu !
 With Souls so sober, and so dead to Fame,
 Who dar'd to Glory's glitt'ring Car aspire ?
 E'er glow'd your Breasts with Friendship's gen'rous Flame :
 Did e'er his Transports to your Heart
 The wild Enthusiast Love impart,
 And your wrapt Soul inspire ?
 Or ever, the illumin'd Mind
 With polish'd Taste refin'd,
 Felt ye the Force of Fancy's rapid Fire ?
 Adieu, ye joyless Walks, ye gloomy Shades,
 Where pensive Dullness shapes his matin Way ;
 Once the lov'd Haunt of the *Aonian* Maids,
 Whilst Eccho, as she rov'd along,
 Swell'd with the Force of *Milton's* nervous Song,
 Or softly flow'd in *Mason's* liquid Lay.

Morpheus, adieu ! and ye presiding Pow'rs,
 That slowly drag the leaden-footed Hours ;
 For other Blessings the coy Muse has won,
 For other Scenes than *Momus*'s sluggish Haunts,
 For other Joys her wakeful Bosom pants.

WHILST by some babbling Fountain's Side,
 That thro' the lone sequester'd Grove
 Winds its mazy Course, I rove,
 Love and the Muse shall be my Guide.
 There th' harmonious Daughter she
 Of *Jove* and *Memory*,
 With many a soft Example fraught,
 From Time's old Record's brought,
 Of Love and Glory's blended Influence, tells ;
 This plastick Spark, where-e'er it dwells,
 In ev'ry delegated Breast inspires
 A Thirst for honest Praise, and fans the Hero's Fires.
 So whilst th' illustrious Trojan Dame
 In Arms her Lord, her *Hector* sheath'd ;
 A tender Tale of Love she breath'd,
 For Love and Valour aid each mutual Flame.
 The warrior Soul of young *Themistocles*
 To the fair *Teian* gave the idle Hour,
 Oft sooth'd the Toils of War with am'rous Ease,
 And held short Dalliance in the Attick Bow'r.

The bright Effulgence of her Charms
 To Deeds of Glory urg'd her warlike Lord;
 Beat in his active Bosom Love's Alarms,
 And added Force to his descending Sword:
 Inspir'd the Feats that set pale *Europe* free,
 That *Greece* with Glory saw, and *Xerxes* blush'd to see.

BRITONS, if Freedom in your happy Land
 E'er deign'd to fix her delegated Stand,
 Let no base Slaves of Pow'r her Reign molest,
 Or chase to happier Realms th' illustrious Guest.
 Oh be each Mind with native Virtue fir'd,
 Be ev'ry Breast with Patriot Worth inspir'd;
 Nor meanly crouch for Aid to foreign Pow'rs,
 To shield from *Gallick* Arms the *British* Tow'rs.
 Not so the warlike *Harry's* conqu'ring Lance
 Planted his Banners in the Heart of *France*:
 Not so the *British* Lion learn'd to roar
 With wasteful Rage along the *Norman* Shore,
 No foreign Pow'r was then implor'd,
 When royal *Edward* led the bold Campaign,
 And the Boy flesh'd his Maiden Sword
 On *Cressy's* memorable Plain.
 Dare to be Men; and let the glowing Charms
 Of *British* Beauties aid the *Briton's* Arms.

And

And when by Love and Liberty led on
 Your trusty Sword, on which fair Victory
 Sits smiling, shall your injur'd Country free
 Wrest the drawn Dagger from Oppression's Hand,
 And give blithe Peace to wave her Olive Wand
 Oh then cry hail on Albion's happy Soil,
 Let festive Mirth the genial Hours employ
 In Days of pleasant Toil,
 And Nights of virtuous Joy.
 Then whilst the coy one's Grace to win,
 In some sequester'd Arbour's Shade,
 Her artist Hand in idle Hour had made,
 And deck'd with vernal Flowers, and twisted Eglantine,
 You count the perilous Dangers of the War,
 Your Wounds receiv'd, your Trophies won;
 How will her tender Bosom pant with Fear!
 O'er the sad Tale she drops a Tear,
 And breathes a Sigh for ev'ry Scar.
 Till sinking on the Heroe's Breast,
 With Pity and with Love oppress'd;
 Her melting Eyes, her rising Blushes yield
 To crown with virtuous Love the Labours of the Field.

R I N S I S